THE SIEGE OF RHODES

Made a Repreſentation by the Art of Proſpective in Scenes, And the Story ſung in *Recitative* Muſick.

At the Cock-Pit in DRURY Lane.

LONDON,

Printed by *F. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk in the *New-Exchange*, 1659.

To the Reader.

I May receive disadvantage by this Address design'd for excuses; for it will too hastily put you in mind that errors are not far off when excuses are at hand; this refers to our Representation: and some may be willing to be led to find the blemishes of it; but would be left to their own conduct to discover the beauties, if there be any. Yet I may forewarn you that the defects which I intend to excuse are chiefly such, as you cannot reform but only with your Purse; that is, by building us a larger Room; a design which we began and shall not be left for you to finish, because we have observ'd that many who are liberal of their understanding when they would issue it out towards discovery of imperfections, have not alwayes Money to expend in things necessary towards the making up of perfection.

It has been often wisht that our Scenes (we having oblig'd our selves to the variety of Five changes, according to the Ancient Drammatick distinctions made for time) had not been

confin'd to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the places of paſſage reſerv'd for the Muſick. This is ſo narrow an allowance for the Fleet of *Solyman* the Magnicent, his Army, the Iſland of *Rhodes*, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City; that I fear you will think, we invite you to ſuch a contracted Trifle as that of the *Cæſars* carv'd upon a Nut.

As theſe Limits have hinder'd the ſplendor of our Scene, ſo we are like to give no great ſatisfaction in the quantity of our Argument, which is in ſtory very copious; but ſhrinks to a ſmall narration here, becauſe we could not convey it by more then ſeven Perſons; being conſtrain'd to prevent the length of *Recitative* Muſick, as well as to conſerve, without incumbrance, the narrowneſs of the place. Therefore you cannot expect the chief Ornaments belonging to a Hiſtory Drammatically digeſted into Turns and Counter-turns, to double Walks, and interweavings of deſign.

This is expreſt to forbid your exceſs of expectation; but we muſt take care not to deterr you from the hope of ſome ſatisfaction; for that were

were, not only to hang out no Bush, but likewise to shut up our Doors. Therefore, as you have heard what kind of excellencies you should not expect: So I will in brief (I hope without vanity) give you encouragement, by telling you, there are some things at least excusable which you may resolve to meet.

We conceive, it will not be unacceptable to you if we recompence the narrowness of the Room, by containing in it so much as could be conveniently accomplisht by Art and Industry: which wil not be doubted in the Scenes by those who can judg that kind of Illustration & know the excellency of Mr. *John Web*, who design'd and order'd it. The Musick was compos'd, and both the Vocal and Instrumental is exercis'd by the most transcendent of *England* in that Art, & perhaps not unequal to the best masters abroad; but being *Recitative*, and therefore unpractis'd here; though of great reputation amongst other Nations, the very attempt of it is an obligation to our own. The Story represented (which will not require much apology because it expects but little praise) is Heroical, and not withstanding the continual hurry and busie agitations

tations of a hot Siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the Characters of Vertue in the ſhapes of Valour and conjugal Love. And though the main Argument hath but a ſingle Walk, yet perhaps the movings of it will not ſeem unpleaſant. You may inquire, being a Reader, why in an heroick Argument my numbers are ſo often diverſify'd and fall into ſhort fractions; conſidering that a continuation of the uſual length of *Engliſh* verſe would appear more Heroical in reading. But when you are an Auditor you will finde that in this, I rather deſerve approbation then need excuſe; for frequent alterations of meaſure (which cannot be ſo unpleaſant to him that reads as troubleſome to him that writes) are neceſſary to *Recitative* Muſick for variation of *Ayres*. If what I have ſaid, be taken for excuſes, I have my intent; becauſe excuſes are not always ſigns of Error, but are often modeſt explanations of things that might otherwiſe be miſtaken. But I have ſaid ſo much to vindicate my ſelf from having occaſion to be excus'd for the *Poem*, that it brings me at laſt to ask pardon for the length of the *Epiſtle*.

Auguſt 17. 1656.

Will. D'avenant.

The Persons Represented.

Solyman	The Magnificent.
Villerius	Grand Master of *Rhodes*.
Alphonso	A *Cicilian* Duke.
Admiral	Of *Rhodes*:
Pirrhus	Bassa.
Mustapha	Bassa.
Ianthe	Wife to *Alphonso*.

The Scene,

RHODES.

The Scene

RHODES

The SIEGE OF RHODES.

THe Ornament which encompaſs'd the Scene, conſiſted of ſeveral Columns, of groſs Ruſtick work; which bore up a large Freeſe. In the middle of the Freeſe was a Compartiment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartiment was ſupported by divers Habiliments of War; intermix'd with the Military Enſignes of thoſe ſeveral Nations who were famous for defence of that Iſland; which were the *French*, *Germans*, and *Spaniards*, the *Italians*, *Avergnois*, and *Engliſh*: The Renown of the Engliſh valour made the Grand Maſter *Villerius*, to ſelect their Station to be moſt frequently commanded by himſelf. The principal enrichment of the

Freese was a Crimson Drapery, whereon severall Trophies of Arms were fixt, Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper cognisance of the Order of the *Rhodian* Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the *Ottomans*.

The Scene before the First Entry:

THe Curtain being drawn up, a lightsome Sky appear'd, discov'ring a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdures naturally growing upon such Scituations; and afar off, the true Prospect of the City RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate: with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part of

of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was repreſented the Turkiſh Fleet making towards a Promontory ſome few miles diſtant from the Town.

The ENTRY *is prepared by Inſtrumental Muſick.*

The Firſt Entry.

Enter *Admiral.*

Admir. ARm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm!
Thou haſt no leiſure to grovv old;
Thoſe novv muſt feel thy courage warm,
VVho think thy blood is cold.

Enter *Villerius.*

Viller. Our Admiral from Sea?
VVhat ſtorme tranſporteth thee?
Or bring'ſt thou ſtormes that can do more
Then drive an Admiral on ſhore?
Admir. Arm, Arm, the *Baſſa*'s Fleet appears;
To *Rhodes* his Courſe from *Chios* ſteers;
Her ſhady vvings to diſtant ſight,
Spread like the Curtains of the Night.
Each Squadron thicker and ſtill darker grovvs;
The Fleet like many floating Forreſts ſhovvs.

Viller. Arm, Arm! Let our Drums beat
To all our Out-Guards, a Retreat;
And to our Main Guards add
Files double lin'd from the Parade.
Send Horſe to drive the Fields;
Prevent what rip'ning Summer yeilds.
To all the Foe would ſave
Set fire, or give a ſecret Grave.
Admlr. I'le to our Gallies haſte,
Untackle ev'ry Maſt;
Hale 'em within the Peer,
To range and chain 'em there,
And then behind St *Nic'las* Cliffs
Shelter our Brigants, Land our Skiffs.
Viller. Our Field and Bulwark-Cannon mount with haſte;
Fix to their Blocks their brazen bodies faſt:
Whilſt to the Foe their Iron Entrails fly:
Diſplay our Colours, raiſe our Standard high! *Exit Adm.*

Enter *Alphonſo.*

Alpon. What various Noiſes do mines ears invade?
And have a Conſort of confuſion made?
The ſhriller Trumpet, and tempeſtuous Drum:
The deaf'ning clamor from the Canons wombe;
VVhich through the Air like ſuddain Thunder breaks,
Seems calm to Souldiers ſhouts and Womens ſhrieks.
VVhat danger (Rev'rend Lord) does this portend?
Viller. Danger begins what muſt in honour end.
Alphon. What Vizards does it wear?
Viller. Such, gentle Prince,
As cannot fright, but yet muſt warn you hence.
What can to *Rhodes* more fatally appear
Then the bright Creſcents which thoſe Enſigns vvear?
Wiſe Emblems that encreaſing Empire ſhow;
Which muſt be ſtill in Nonage and ſtill grow.
All theſe are yet but the forerunning *Van*

Of

Of the prodigious *Groſs* of *Solyman*.

Alphon. Pale ſhew thoſe Creſcents to our bloody Croſs!
Sink not the Weſtern Kingdoms in our loſs?
Will not the *Auſtrian* Eagle moult her Wings,
That long hath hover'd o're the *Gallick* Kings?
Whoſe Lilies too vvill vvither when we fade;
And 'th' Engliſh Lyon ſhrink into a ſhade.

Viller. Thou ſee'ſt not, vvhilſt ſo young and guiltleſſe too,
That Kings mean ſeldom vvhat their States-men do,
Who meaſure not the compaſs of a Crown
To fit the Head that vvears it but their ovvn;
Still hind'ring peace, becauſe they Stevvards are,
Without accompt, to that vvild Spender, War.
Still Chriſtian Wars they vvill purſue, and boaſt
Unjuſt ſucceſſes gain'd, vvhilſt *Rhodes* is loſt:
Whilſt vve build Monuments of Death, to ſhame
Thoſe vvho forſook us in the Chaſe of Fame.

Alphon. We vvill endure the Colds of Court-delays;
Honour grovvs vvarm in Airy Veſts of Praiſe.
On Rocky *Rhodes* vve vvill like Rocks abide:

Viller. Away, away, and haſten to thy Bride!
'Tis ſcarce a Month ſince from thy Nuptial Rites
Thou cam'ſt to honour here our *Rhodian* Knights:
To dignifie our ſacred annual Feaſt:
We love to Lodge, not to entombe a Gueſt.
Honour muſt yield where Reaſon ſhould prevail.
A Board, A board, and hoyſe up ev'ry Sail
What gathers any Wind for *Cicilie*!
Men loſe their Virtu's Pattern loſing thee.
Thy Bride doth yield her Sex no leſs a Light:
But, thy life gone, will ſet in endleſs Night.
Ye muſt like Stars ſhine longer'e ye expire!

Alphon. Honour, is colder Vertue ſet on fire:
My honour loſt, her Love would ſoon decay:
Here for my Tombe or Triumph I will ſtay.
My Sword againſt proud *Solyman* I draw,
His curſed Prophet and his ſenſual Law.

Our

Chorus, Our Swords againſt proud *Solyman* we draw,
His curſed Prophet and his ſenſual Law. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.
By Souldiers of ſeveral Nations.

1. Come ye termagant *Turks*,
If your *Baſſa* dare Land ye,
Whilſt the Wine bravely works
That was brought us from *Candy*.

2. Wealth, the leaſt of our care is,
For the Poor ne'r are undone;
A vous, Monſieur of *Paris*,
To the Back-Swords of *London*.

3. *Diego*, thou, in a trice,
Shalt advance thy lean Belly.
For their Hens and their Rice
Make *Pillau* like a jelly.

4. Let 'em Land fine and free;
For my Cap though an old one,
Such a Turbant ſhall be,
Thou wilt think it a Gold one.

5. It is ſeven to one odds,
They had ſafer ſail'd by us:
VVhilſt our Wine laſts in *Rhodes*.
They ſhall water at *Chios*.

End of the firſt Entry.

The Scene is chang'd, and the City, Rhodes, *appears beleaguer'd at Sea and Land.*

The Entry is again prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick.

The Second Entry.

Enter *Villerius* and *Admiral.*

Admir. THe blood of *Rhodes* grows cold! Life muſt expire!
Viller. The Duke ſtill warms it with his valours fire!
Admir. If he has much in Honours preſence done,
Has ſav'd our Enſigns or has others won,
Then he but well by your Example wrought;
Who well in Honours School his Child-hood taught,
Viller. The Foe three Moons tempeſtuouſly has ſpent
Where we will never yield nor he relent;
Still we, but raiſe what muſt be beaten down;
Defending Walls, yet cannot keep the Town;
Vent'ring laſt Stakes where we can nothing vvin;
And, ſhutting ſlaughter out, keep Famine in.
Admir. How oft and vainly *Rhodes* for ſuccour waits
From triple Diadems, and Scarlet Hats?
Rome keeps her Gold, cheaply her VVarriours pays,
At firſt vvith Bleſſings, and at laſt vvith praiſe.
Viller. By Armies, ſtovv'd in Fleets, exhauſted *Spain*
Leaves half her Land unplough'd, to plough the Main;
And ſtill vvould more of the old World ſubdue,
As if unſatisfi'd vvith all the Nevv.

France

Admir. *France* ſtrives to have her Lilies grow as fair
In others Realms as where they Native are.
Viller. The *Engliſh Lyon* ever loves to change
His Walks, and in remoter Forreſts range.
Chorus. All gaining vainly from each others loſſe;
Whilſt ſtill the *Creſcent* drives away the *Croſs*.

Enter *Alphonſo*.

Alphon. 1. How bravely fought the fiery *French*,
Their Bulwark being ſtorm'd?
The colder *Almans* kept their Trench,
By more then Valour warm'd.

2. The grave *Italians* paus'd and fought,
The ſolemn *Spaniards* too;
Study'ng more Deaths then could be wrought
By what the raſh could do.

3. Th' *Avergnian* Colours high were rais'd,
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.
Our Foes, like friends to Valour, prais'd
The miſchiefs they receiv'd.

4. The cheerfull *Engliſh* got renown;
Fought merrily and faſt:
'Tis time, they cry'd to mow them down,
Wars Harveſt cannot laſt.

5. If Death be reſt, here let us dye,
Where wearineſs is all
We dayly get by Victory,
Who muſt by Famine fall.

6. Great *Solyman* is landed now;
All Fate he ſeems to be;
And brings thoſe Tempeſts in his Brow
Which he deſerv'd at Sea.

He

Viller. He can at moſt but once prevail,
Though arm'd with Nations that were brought by more
Groſs Gallies then would ſerve to hale
This Iſland to the *Lycian* Shore.
Adm. Let us apace do worthily and give
Our Story length, though long we cannot live.
Chorus. So greatly do, that being dead,
Brave Wonders may be wrought
By ſuch as ſhall our Story read
And ſtudy how we fought. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Solyman, Pirrhus.*

Soly. What ſudden halt hath ſtay'd thy ſwift Renown;
O're-running Kingdoms, ſtopping at a Town?
He that will win the Prize in Honours Race
Muſt nearer to the Gole ſtill mend his pace.
If Age thou feel'ſt, the active Camp forbear;
In ſleepy Cities reſt, the Caves of fear.
Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,
Thy Courage cools becauſe thy blood is cold.
Pirrhus. How can ambitious Manhood be expreſt
More then by marks of our diſdain of reſt?
What leſs then toyls inceſſant can, deſpite
Of Canon, raiſe theſe Mounts to Caſtle-height?
Or leſs then utmoſt or unweary'd ſtrength
Can draw theſe Lines of Batt'ry to that length?
Soly. The toils of Ants, and Mole-hills rais'd, in ſcorn
Of Labour, to be levell'd with a Spurn.
Theſe are the *Pyramids* that ſhew your pains;
But of your Armies valour, where remains
One *Trophy* to excuſe a *Baſha's* boaſt?
Pirrh. Valour may reckon what ſhe bravely loſt;
Not from Succeſſes all her Count does raiſe:
By life well loſt we gain a ſhare of praiſe.

If we in dangers Glaſs all Valour ſee,
And Death the fartheſt ſtep of danger be,
Behold our Mount of Bodies made a Grave;
And prize our loſs by what we ſcorn'd to ſave.
Soly. Away! range all the Camp for an Aſſault!
Tell them, they tread in Graves who make a halt.
Fat Slaves, who have been lull'd to a Diſeaſe;
Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their eaſe!
Whoſe active Fathers leapt o're Walls too high
For them to climbe: Hence, from my anger fly:
Which is too worthy for thee being mine,
And muſt be quench'd by *Rhodian* blood or thine.
Exit Pirrhus, bowing.
In Honour's Orb the Chriſtians ſhine;
Their light in War does ſtill increaſe;
Though oft miſled by miſts of Wine,
Or blinder love the Crime of Peace.
Bold in Adult'ries frequent change;
And ev'ry loud expenſive Vice;
Ebbing out wealth by ways as ſtrange
As it flow'd in by avarice.
Thus vildly they dare live, and yet dare dye.
If Courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd
But to thoſe few on whom our Crowns rely,
And is condemn'd as madneſs in the Crowd.

Enter *Muſtapha, Ianthe* veil'd.

Muſta. Great Sultan, Hail! though here at Land
Loſt Fools in oppoſition in ſtand;
Yet thou at Sea doſt all command.
Soly. What is it thou wouldſt ſhew, and yet doſt ſhrowd?
Muſta. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud;
A Wealth more worth then all the Sea does hide;
Or Courts diſplay in their triumphant pride.

Soly.

Soly. Thou ſeem'ſt to bring the Daughter of the Night;
And giv'ſt her many Stars to make her bright.
Diſpatch my wonder and relate her Story.
Muſta. 'Tis full of Fate, and yet ha's much of Glory.
A Squadron of our Gallies that did ply,
Weſt from this Coaſt, met two of *Cicily*;
Both fraught to furniſh *Rhodes*, we gave 'em chace;
And had, but for our Number, met diſgrace.
For, grapling, they maintain'd a bloody Fight,
Which did begin with Day and end with Night.
And though this baſhful Lady then did wear
Her Face ſtill vail'd, her valour did appear:
She urg'd their courage when they boldly Fought;
And many ſhun'd the dangers, which ſhe ſought.
Soly. Where are the limits thou wouldſt ſet for praiſe?
Or to what height wilt thou my wonder raiſe?
Muſt. This is *Ianthe*, the *Cicilian* Flower,
Sweeter then Buds unfolded in a ſhower;
Bride to *Alphonſo*, who in *Rhodes* ſo long
The Theam has been of each Heroick Song;
And ſhe for his relief thoſe Gallies fraught;
Both ſtow'd with what her Dow'r and Jewels bought.
Soly. O wond'rous vertue of a Chriſtian Wife!
Adven'tring lifes ſupport and then her Life
To ſave her ruin'd Lord! Bid her unvail! *Ianthe* ſteps back.
Ianthe. It were more honour, Sultan, to aſſail
A publique ſtrength againſt thy forces bent
Then to unwall this private Tenement;
To which no Monarch but my Lord has right;
Nor will it yield to Treaty or to Might:
Where Heaven's great Law defends him from ſurpriſe:
This Curtain onely opens to his eyes.
Soly. If Beauty vail'd ſo vertuous be,
'Tis more then Chriſtian Husbands know;
Whoſe Ladies wear their faces free;
Which they to more then Husband ſhow.
Ianthe. Your Baſſa ſwore, and by his dreadful Law,

None but my Lords dear hand this Vail ſhould draw;
And that to *Rhodes* I ſhould conducted be
To take my ſhare of all his deſtiny:
Elſe I had quickly found
Sure means to get ſome vvound,
VVhich vvould in Deaths cold Arms
My honour inſtant ſafety give
From all thoſe rude Alarms
VVhich keep it vvaking vvhilſt I live.
Soly. Haſt thou ingag'd our Prophets plight
To keep her Beauty from my ſight;
And to conduct her Perſon free
To harbour with mine Enemy?
Muſta. Vertue conſtrain'd the privildge I gave:
Shall I for ſacred Vertue pardon crave?
Soly. I envy not the conqueſts of thy Sword:
Thrive ſtill in wicked VVar;
But, Slave, how did'ſt thou dare,
In vertuous Love, thus to tranſcend thy Lord?
Thou did'ſt thy utmoſt vertue ſhow:
Yet ſomewhat more does reſt,
Not yet by thee expreſt;
Which vertue left for me to do.
Thou great example of a Chriſtian VVife,
Enjoy thy Lord and give him happy Life.
Thy Gallies with their fraight,
For which the Hungry wait,
Shall ſtrait to *Rhodes* conducted be;
And as thy paſſage to him ſhall be free,
So both my ſafe return to *Cicilie*.
Ianthe. May *Solyman* be ever far
From impious honours of the VVar;
Since worthy to receive renown
From things repair'd not overthrown.
And when in peace his vertue thrives,
Let all the race of Loyal VVives
Sing this his bounty to his Glory
And teach their Princes by his ſtory:

Or

Of which, if any Victors be,
Let them, becauſe he conquer'd me,
Strip cheerfully each others Brow,
And at his feet their Laurel throw.
Soly. Strait to the Port her Gallies ſteer;
Then hale the Sentry at the Peer.
And though our Flags ne'r uſe to bow,
They ſhall do Vertue homage now.
Give Fire ſtill as ſhe paſſes by,
And let our Streamers lower fly.

Exeunt ſeveral waies.

Chorus of Women.

1. LEt us live, live! for being dead,
The pretty Spots,
Ribbands and Knots,
And the fine French dreſs for the Head;
No Lady wears upon her
In the cold, cold, bed of Honour.
Beat down our Grottoes, and hew down our Bow'rs,
Dig up our Arbours, and root up our Flowers.
Our Gardens are Bulwarks and Baſtions become;
Then hang up our Lutes, we muſt ſing to the Drum.

2. Our Patches and our Curles
(So exact in each Station)
Our Powders and our Purls
Are now out of Faſhion.
Hence with our Needles, and give us your Spades;
We, that were Ladies, grow courſe as our Maids.
Our Coaches have drove us to Balls at the Court;
We now muſt drive Barrovvs to earth up the Port.

The End of the ſecond Entry.

The

The further part of the Scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd; representing *Solimans* Imperial Throne; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bassa*'s, and Inferiour Officers.

The ENTRY *is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.*

The Third Entry.

Enter *Soliman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.*

Solym. PIrrhus, Draw up our Army wide!
Then from the Gross two strong Reserves divide;
And spread the wings;
As if we were to fight,
In the lost *Rhodians* sight,
With all the Western Kings!
Each wing with *Janizaries* line;
The Right and Left to *Hally*'s Sons assigne;
The *Gross* to *Zangiban*.
The Main Artillery
With *Mustapha* shall be:
Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van*.

Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. It ſhall be done as early as the Dawn;
As if the Figure by thy hand were drawn.
Muſtap. We wiſh that we, to eaſe thee, could prevent
All thy Commands, by gueſſing thy intent.
Soly. Theſe *Rhodians*, who of Honour boaſt,
A loſs excuſe, when bravely loſt:
Now they may bravely loſe their *Rhodes*,
Which never play'd againſt ſuch odds.
To morrow let them ſee our ſtrength, and weep
Whilſt they their want of loſing blame;
Their valiant folly ſtrives too long to keep
What might be render'd without ſhame.
Pirrhus. 'Tis well our valiant Prophet did
In us not only loſs forbid,
But has enjoyn'd us ſtill to get.
Empire muſt move apace,
When ſhe begins the Race,
And apter is for wings then feet.
Muſtap. They vainly interrupt our ſpeed.
And civil Reaſon lack,
To know they ſhould go back
When we determine to proceed.
Pirrhus. When to all *Rhodes* our Army does appear
Shall we then make a ſudden halt,
And give a general Aſſault?
Soly. *Pirrhus* not yet, *Ianthe* being there:
Let them our Valour, by our Mercy prize.
The reſpit of this day
To vertuous Love ſhall pay
A debt long due for all my Victories.
Muſt. If vertuous Beauty can attain ſuch grace
Whilſt ſhe a Captive was, and hid,
What wiſdom can his Love forbid
When Vertue's free and Beauty ſhews her Face?
Soly. Diſpatch a Trumpet to the Town;
Summon *Ianthe* to be gone

Safe

Safe with her Lord. When both are free
And in their Courſe to *Cicily*,
Then *Rhodes* ſhall for that valour mourn
VVhich ſtops the haſte of our return.

Pirrhus. Thoſe that in *Grecian* Quarries wrought,
And Pioners from *Lycia* brought,
VVho like a Nation in a throng appear,
So great their number is, are landed here:
VVhere ſhall they work?

Soly. Upon *Philermus* Hill.
There, ere this Moon her Circle fills with days,
They ſhall, by puniſht ſloth and cheriſh'd skill,
A ſpacious Palace in a Caſtle raiſe:
A Neighbourhood within the *Rhodians* view;
VVhere, if my anger cannot them ſubdue,
My patience ſhall out-wait them, whilſt they long
Attend to ſee weak Princes make them ſtrong:
There I'le grow old, and dye too, if they have
The ſecret art to Faſt me to my Grave.

Exeunt.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town Beſieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Alphonſo*, *Ianthe*.

Vill. VVHen we, *Ianthe*, would this act commend,
We know no more how to begin
Then we ſhould do, if we were in,
How, ſuddenly, to make an end.

Adm.

Adm. VVhat love was yours which theſe ſtrong bars of Fate
VVere all too weak to ſeparate?
VVhich Seas & Storms could not divide
Nor all the dreadful *Turkiſh* pride?
VVhich paſs'd ſecure though not unſeen
Even double Guards of Death that lay between.
Vill. VVhat more could Honour for fair Vertue do?
VVhat could *Alphonſo* venture more for you?
Adm. VVith wonder & with ſhame we muſt confeſs,
All we our ſelves can do for *Rhodes*, is leſs.
Vill. Nor did your love and courage act alone,
Your bounty too has no leſs wonders done.
And for our Guard you have brought wiſely down
A Troop of Vertues to defend the Town:
The onely Troop that can a Town defend;
VVhich Heav'n before for ruine did intend.
Adm. Look here ye VVeſtern Monarchs, look with ſhame,
VVho fear not a remote, though common Foe;
The Cabinet of one illuſtrious Dame
Does more then your Exchequers joyn'd did do.
Alphon. Indeed I think, *Ianthe*, few
So young and flouriſhing as you,
VVhoſe Beauties might ſo well adorn
The Jewels which by them are worn,
Did ever Muſquets for them take,
Nor of their Pearls did Bullets make.
Ianthe. VVhen you my Lord are ſhut up here
Expence of treaſure muſt appear
So far from bounty, that, alas,
It covetous advantage was:
For with ſmall coſt I ſought to ſave
Even all the Treaſure that I have.
VVho would not all her trifling Jewels give,
Which but from Number can their worth derive,
If ſhe could purchaſe or redeem with them
One great ineſtimable Gem?

Adam. Oh ripe perfection in a Breſt ſo young
Vill. Vertue has tun'd her heart, and Wit her tongue
Adm. Though *Rhodes* no pleaſure can allow,
I dare ſecure the ſafety of it now;
All will ſo labour to ſave you
As that will ſave the City too.
Ianthe. Alas, the utmoſt I have done
More then a juſt reward has won,
If by my Lord and you it be but thought
I had the care, to ſerve him as I ought.
Vill. Brave Duke farewell, the Scouts for Orders wait,
And the Parade does fill.
Alphon. Great Maſter, I'll attend your pleaſure ſtrait,
And ſtrive to ſerve your will. *Exeunt, Vill. Adm.*
Ianthe after all this praiſe
W^ch^ Fame ſo fully to you pays,
For that wch all the world beſide
Admires you, I alone muſt chide.
Are you that kinde and vertuous VVife,
VVho thus expoſe your Husbands Life?
The haz ards, both at Land and Sea,
Through which ſo boldly thou haſt run,
Did more aſſault and threaten me
Then all the Sultan could have done.
Thy dangers, could, I them have ſeen,
VVould not to me have dangers been,
But certain death: Now thou art here
A danger worſe then death I fear.
Thou haſt, *Ianthe*, honour won,
But mine, alas, will be undone:
For as thou valiant wer't for me,
I ſhall a Coward grow for thee.
Ianthe. Take heed *Alphonſo*, for this care of me,
VVil to my Fame injurious be;
Your love will brighter by it ſhine,
But it eclipſes mine.

Since

Since I would here before, or with you fall,
Death needs but becken when he means to call.
Alphon. Ianthe, even in this you ſhall command.
And this my ſtrongeſt paſſion guide;
Your vertue will not be deny'd:
It could even *Solyman* himſelf withſtand;
To whom it did ſo beauteous ſhow
It ſeem'd to civilize a barb'rous Foe.
Of this your ſtrange eſcape, *Ianthe* ſay,
Briefly the motive and the way.
Ianthe. Did I not tell you how we fought,
How I was taken, and how brought
Before great *Solyman*? but there
I think we interrupted were.
Alpho. Yes, but we will not be ſo here,
Should *Solyman* himſelf appear.
Ianthe. It ſeems that what the Baſſa of me ſaid,
Had ſome reſpect and admiration bred
In *Solyman*; and this to me increaſt
The jealouſies which Honour did ſuggeſt.
All that of *Turks* and *Tyrants* I had heard,
But that I fear'd not Death, I ſhould have fear'd.
I, to excuſe my Voyage, urg'd my Love
To your high worth; which did ſuch pity move
That ſtraight his uſage did reclaim my fear;
He ſeem'd in civil *France*, and Monarch there:
For ſoon my Perſon, Gallies, Fraight, were free
By his command.
Alphon. O wondrous Enemy!
Ianthe. Theſe are the ſmalleſt Gifts his bounty knew.
Alp. VVhat could he give you more?
Ianthe. He gave me you;
And you may homewards now ſecurely go
Through all his Fleet.
Alph. But Honour ſays not ſo.
Ianthe. If that forbid it you ſhall never ſee

That I and that will disagree:
Honour will speak the same to me.
Alph. This Christian Turk amazes me, my Dear!
How long *Ianthe* stay'd you there?
Ianthe. Two days with *Mustapha.*
Alph. How do you say?
Two days, and two whole nights? alas,
Ianth. That it, my Lord, no longer was,
Is such a mercy, as too long I stay,
E're at the Altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.
Alph. To Heav'n, Confession should prepare the way.
Exit Ianthe.

She is all Harmony and fair as light
But brings me discord and the Clouds of night.
And *Solyman* does think Heav'ns joys to be
In Women not so fair as she.
'Tis strange! Dismiss so fair an Enemy?
She was his own by right of War,
We are his Dogs, and such as she, his Angels are.
O wondrous Turkish chastity!
Her Gallies, fraight, and those to send
Into a Town which he would take!
Are we besieg'd then by a friend?
Could Honour such a Present make,
Then when his Honour is at stake?
Against it self, does Honour booty play?
We have the liberty to go away!
Strange above miracle! But who can say
If in his hands we once should be
What would become of her? For what of me
Though Love is blind, ev'n Love may see.
Come back my thoughts, you must not rove!
For sure *Ianthe* does *Alphonso* love.
Oh *Solyman* this mistique act of thine,
Does all my quiet undermine:
But on thy Troops, if not on Thee,
This Sword my cure and my revenge shall be. *Exit.*

Chorus

Chorus.

Of Men and Women.

Men. YE wives all that are, and wives that would be,
Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another.
And all ye have learnt of an Aunt or a Mother;
Then ſtrait hither come, a New Pattern to ſee:
VVhich in a good humour kinde Fortune did ſend;
A Glaſs for your mindes as well as your faces;
Make haſte then, and break your own Looking-glaſſes:
If you ſee but your ſelves, you'l never amend.

Women. You, that would teach us what your wives ought to do,
Take heed; there's a pattern in Town too for you.
Be you but *Alphonſos*, and we
Perhaps *Ianthes* will be.

Men. Be you but *Ianthes*, and we
Alphonſos a while will be.

Both. Let both ſides begin then, rather then neither;
Let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.

End of the third Entry.

The

The Scene is vary'd to the Proſpect of Mount *Philermus*: Artificers appearing at work about that Caſtle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by *Solyman*. His great Army is diſcovered in the Plain below, drawn up in *Battalia*; as if it were prepar'd for a general Aſſault.

The Entry *is again prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick.*

The Fourth Entry.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Muſtapha*.

Solyman. REfuſe my Paſs-port, and reſolve to dye?
Onely for faſhions ſake, for company?
Oh coſtly ſcruples! But Ile try to be,
Thou ſtubborn Honour, obſtinate as Thee.
My Pow'r thou ſhalt not vanquiſh by thy will;
I will enforce to live whom thou would'ſt kill.

Pirrhus. They in to morrows ſtorm will change their minde;
Then, though too late inſtructed, they ſhall finde.

That

That thoſe who your protection dare reject
No humane Power dares venture to protect.
They are not Foes, but Rebels, who withſtand
The pow'r that does their Fate command.
Soly. Oh *Muſtapha*, our ſtrength we meaſure ill;
VVe want the half of what we think we have;
For we enjoy the Beaſt-like pow'r to kill,
But not the God-like pow'r to ſave.
VVho laughs at death, laughs at our higheſt pow'r;
The valiant man is his own Emperour.
Muſta. Your pow'r to ſave, you have to them made known,
VVho ſcorn'd it with ingrateful pride;
Now, how you can deſtroy, muſt next be ſhown;
And that the Chriſtian world has try'd.
Soly. 'Tis ſuch a ſingle pair
As onely equal are
Unto themſelves; but many ſteps above
All others who attempt to make up Love.
Their Lives will noble Hiſtory afford,
And muſt adorn my Scepter, not my Sword.
My ſtrength in vain has with their vertue ſtrove;
In vain their hate would overcome my love.
My favours Ile compel them to receive.
Go *Muſtapha*, and ſtricteſt Orders give,
Through all the Camp, that in Aſſault they ſpare
(And in the Sack of this preſumptuous Town)
The lives of theſe two ſtrangers, with a care
Above the preſervation of their own.
Alphonſo has ſo oft his courage ſhown,
That he to all but Cowards muſt be known.
Ianthe is ſo fair, that none can be
Miſtaken, amongſt thouſands, which is ſhe.

Exeunt.

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beſieg'd.

Enter *Alphonſo, Ianthe.*

Ianthe. *Alphonſo,* Now the danger grovvs ſo near,
Give her, that loves you, leave to fear.
Nor do I bluſh this paſſion to confeſs,
Since it for object has no leſs
Then even your liberty, or life;
I fear not as a woman but a vvife.
We vvere too proud no uſe to make
Of *Solymans* obliging proffer;
For vvhy ſhould Honour ſcorn to take
What Honour's ſelf does to it offer.
Alph. To be o'recome by his victorious Svvord,
Will comfort to our fall afford:
Our ſtrength may yeild to his; but 'tis not fit
Our vertue ſhould to his ſubmit;
In that, *Ianthe,* I muſt be
Advanc'd, and greater far then he.
Ianthe. Fighting vvith him vvho ſtrives to be your friend,
You not vvith Vertue but vvith Povv'r contend.
Alph. Forbid it Heav'n our friends ſhould think that vve
Did merit friendſhip from an Enemy.
Ianthe. He is a Foe to *Rhodes,* and not to you.
Alph. In *Rhodes* beſieg'd vve muſt be *Rhodians* too.
Ianthe. 'Tvvas Fortune that engag'd you in this War.
Alph. 'Tvvas Providence! Heaven's Pris'ners here vve are.
Ianthe. That Providence our freedom does reſtore;
The hand that ſhut, novv opens us the Door.
Alph. Had Heav'n that Paſs-port for our freedom ſent
It vvould have choſe ſome better Inſtrument
Then faithleſs *Solyman.* *Ianthe.*

Ianthe. O ſay not ſo!
To ſtrike and wound the vertue of your Foe
Is cruelty, which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deſerv'd from you.
Alphon. From me *Ianthe*, No;
What he deſerves from you, you beſt muſt know.
Ianthe. What means my Lord?
Alphon. For I confeſs, I muſt
The poyſon'd bounties of a Foe miſtruſt:
And when upon the Bait I look,
Though all ſeem fair, ſuſpect the Hook.
Ianthe. He, though a Foe, is generous and true:
What he hath done declares what he will do.
Alphon. He in two Days your high eſteem has won:
What he would do I know; who knows what he has done?
Done? Wicked Tongue what haſt thou ſaid? *Aſide.*
What horrid falſhood from thee fled?
Oh Jealouſie (if Jealouſie it be)
Would I had here an *Aſp* inſtead of *Thee.*
Ianthe. Sure you are ſick, your words, alas,
Geſtures, and looks diſtempers ſhew.
Alphon. Ianthe, you may ſafely paſs;
The Paſs, no doubt, was meant to you.
Ianthe. He's jealous ſure; Oh vertue can it be?
Have I for this ſerv'd Vertue faithfully?
Alphonſo ——
Alphon. Speak, *Ianthe*, and be free.
Ianthe. Have I deſerv'd this change?
Alphon. Thou do'ſt deſerve
So much, that Emperours are proud to ſerve
The fair *Ianthe*; and not dare
To hurt a Land whilſt ſhe is there.
Return (Renown'd *Ianthe*) ſafely home;
And force thy paſſage with thine Eyes;
To conquer *Rhodes* will be a prize
Leſs glorious then by thee to be or'ecome.

But ſince he longs (it ſeems) ſo much to ſee,
And be poſſeſt of me,
Tell him, I ſhall not fly beyond his reach:
Would he could dare to meet me in the Breach. *Exit.*

Ianthe. Tell him! tell him? Oh no, *Alphonſo*, no
Let never man thy weakneſs know;
Thy ſuddain fall will be a ſhame
To Man's and Vertue's Name.
Alphonſo's falſe! for what can falſer be
Then to ſuſpect that falſhood dwels in me?
Could *Solyman* both Life and Honour give?
And can *Alphonſo* me of both deprive?
Of both *Alphonſo*; for believe
Ianthe will diſdain to live
So long as to let others ſee
Thy true, and her imputed infamy.
No more let Lovers think they can poſſeſs
More then a Month of happineſs.
We thought our Hold of it was ſtrong,
We thought our Leaſe of it was long:
But now, that all may ever happy prove,
Let never any love.
And yet theſe troubles of my love to me
Shall ſhorter then the pleaſures be.
I'le till to morrow laſt; then the Aſſault
Shall finiſh my misfortune and his fault.
I to my Enemies ſhall doubly owe,
For ſaving me before, for killing now. *Exit.*

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral.*

Adm. From out the Camp a valiant Chriſtian Slave
Eſcap'd, and to our Knights aſſurance gave
That at the break of day
Their Mine will play.

Vill.

Vill. Oft *Martiningus* ſtruck and try'd the ground,
And Counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found:
We ſhall prevent
Their dire intent.
Where is the Duke, whoſe valour ſtrives to keep
Rhodes ſtill awake, which elſe would dully ſleep?
Adm. His Courage and his Reaſon is o'rethrown.
Vill. Thou ſing'ſt the ſad deſtruction of our Town.
Adm. I met him wild as all the winds,
When in the Ocean they conteſt:
And diligent Suſpition finds
He is with jealouſie poſſeſt.
Vill. That Arrow, once miſdrawn, muſt ever rove.
O weakneſs ſprung from mightineſs of love!
O pitty'd Crime!
Alphonſo will be overthrown
Unleſs we take this Ladder down,
Where, though the Rounds are broke,
He does himſelf provoke
Too haſtily to Climbe.
Adm. Inviſibly, as dreams, Fame's wings
Fly every where;
Hov'ring all Day o're Palaces of Kings;
At Night ſhe lodges in the people's eare:
Already they perceive *Alphonſo* wild,
And the belov'd *Ianthe* griev'd.
Vill. Let us no more by Honour be beguil'd;
This Town can never be reliev'd;
Alphonſo and *Ianthe* being loſt,
Rhodes, thou doſt cheriſh life with too much coſt!
Chorus. Away, unchain the ſtreets, unearth the Ports.
Pull down each Barracade
Which womens fears have made,
And bravely ſally out from all the Forts!
Drive back the Creſcents, and advance the Croſs,
Or ſink all humane Empires in our loſs!

Chorus *of Wives.*

1.

1. THis curſed Jealouſie, what is't?
2. 'Tis Love that has loſt it ſelf in a Miſt.
3. 'Tis Love being frighted out of his wits.
4. 'Tis Love that has a Fever got;
Love that is violently hot;
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:
Chorus. 'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the God of Love, poſſeſt with a Divel.

2.

1. 'This rich corrupted wine of Love;
Which ſharpeſt vinegar does prove.
2. From all the ſweet Flowers which might Honey make,
It does a deadly poyſon bring.
3. Strange Serpent which it ſelf does ſting!
4. It never can ſleep, and dreams ſtill awake.
5. It ſtuffs up the Marriage-bed with thorns!
Chorus. It gores it ſelfe, it gores it ſelf, with imagin'd horns.

The End of the Fourth Entry.

The Scene is chang'd into a Repreſentation of a general Aſſault given to the Town; the greateſt fury of the Army being diſcern'd at the Engliſh Station.

The

The ENTRY *is again prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick.*

The Fifth Entry

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrhus. TRaverſe the Canon! mount the Batrys higher!
More Gabions, and renew the Blinds!
Like duſt they powder ſpend,
And to our faces ſend
The heat of all the Element of fire;
And to their Backs have all the winds.

Enter *Muſtapha.*

Muſta. More Ladders, and reliefs to ſcale!
The Fire-crooks are too ſhort! Help, help to hale!
That Battlement is looſe, and ſtrait will down!
Point well the Canon, and play faſt!
Their fury is too hot to laſt.
That Rampire ſhakes, they fly into the Town.
Pirrh. March up with thoſe Reſerves to that Redout!
Faint ſlaves! the *Janizaries* reel!
They bend, they bend! and ſeem to feel
The terrours of a Rour.
Muſta. Old *Zanger* halts, and re-inforcment lacks!
Pirrh. March on!
Muſta. Advance thoſe Pikes, and charge their Backs!

Enter

Enter Solyman.

Solym. Thoſe Platforms are too low to reach!
Haſte, haſte! call *Haly* to the Breach!
Can my domeſtique *Janizaries* flye!
And not adventure life for victory!
Whoſe child-hood with my Palace-milk I fed;
Their youth, as if I were their Parent, bred.
What is this Monſter Death, that our poor Slaves,
Still vext with toyl, are loth to reſt in Graves?
Muſta. If life ſo pretious be, why do not they,
Who in War's trade can onely live by prey,
Their own afflicted lives expoſe
To take the happier from their foes?
Pirrh. Our Troops renew the Fight!
And thoſe that ſally'd out
To give the Rout,
Are now return'd in flight!
Solym. Follow, follow, follow! make good the Line!
In, *Pirrhus*, in! Look, we have ſprung the Mine! *Exit Pirrhus.*
Muſta. Thoſe deſp'rate *Engliſh* n'er will fly!
Their firmneſs ſtill does hinder others flight,
As if their Miſtreſſes were by
To ſee and praiſe them whilſt they fight.
Solym. That flame of valour in *Alphonſo*'s eyes
Outſhines the light of all my victories!
Thoſe who were ſlain when they his Bulwark ſtorm'd,
Contented fell,
As vanquiſh'd well;
Thoſe who were left alive may now,
Becauſe their valour is by his reform'd,
Hope to make others bow.
Muſta. E're while I in the Engliſh ſtation ſaw
Beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,

Whoſe

Whoſe valour did my Forces back diſperſe;
Fairer than Woman, and then Man more fierce:
It ſhew'd ſuch courage as diſdain'd to yield,
And yet ſeem'd willing to be kill'd.
Solym. This Viſion did to me appear;
Which mov'd my pitty and my fear:
It had a Dreſs much like the Imag'rie
For Heroes drawn, and may *Ianthe* be.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrh. Fall on! the Engliſh ſtoop when they give fire!
They ſeem to furl their Colours and retire!
Solym. Advance! I onely would the honour have
To conquer two, whom I by force would ſave.

Enter *Alphonſo* with his Sword drawn.

Alph. My reaſon by my Courage is miſled!
Why chaſe I thoſe who would from dying fly,
Enforcing them to ſleep amongſt the dead,
Yet keep my ſelf unſlain that fain would die?
Do not the Pris'ners whom we take declare
How *Solyman* proclaim'd through all his Hoſt,
That they *Ianthe*'s life and mine ſhould ſpare?
Life ill preſerv'd is worſe then baſely loſt.
Mine by diſpatch of War he will not take,
But means to leave it lingring on the Rack;
That in his Palace I might live, and know
Her ſhame, and be afraid to call it ſo.
Tyrants and Divels think all pleaſures vain,
But what are ſtill deriv'd from others pain.

Enter

Enter *Admirall.*

Adm. Renown'd *Alphonſo*, thou haſt fought to day,
As if all *Aſia* were thy valour's prey.
But now thou muſt do more
Then thou haſt done before;
Elſe the important life of *Rhodes* is gone.
Alph. VVhy from the peaceſull grave
Should I ſtill ſtrive to ſave
The lives of others, that would loſe mine own?
Adm. The Souldiers call, *Alphonſo!* thou haſt taught
The way to all the wonders they have wrought;
Who now refuſe to fight
But in thy valour's ſight.
Alphon. I would to none example be to fly;
But fain would teach all human kind to die.
Adm. Haſte, haſte! *Ianthe* in diſguiſe
At th'Engliſh Bulwark wounded lies;
And in the *French*, our old great Maſter ſtrives
From many hands to reſcue many lives.
Alphon. Ianthe wounded? where, alas,
Has mourning Pitty hid her face?
Let Pitty fly, fly far from the oppreſt,
Since ſhe removes her Lodging from my Breſt!
Adm. You have but too great Cruelties to chuſe
By ſtaying here; you muſt *Ianthe* loſe
Who ventur'd life and ſame for you;
Or your great Maſter quite forſake.
Who to your childhood firſt did ſhew
The wayes you did to Honour take.
Alphon. Ianthe cannot be
In ſafer company:
For what will not the valiant Engliſh do
When Beauty is diſtreſs'd and Vertue too.

Adm.

Adm. Diſpatch your choice, if you will either ſave
Occaſion bids you run;
You muſt redeem the one
And I the other from a common Grave.
Alphonſo, haſte!
Alphon. Thou urgeſt me too faſt.
This riddle is too ſad and intricate;
The hardeſt that was e're propos'd by Fate.
Honour and pitty have
Of both too ſhort a time to chooſe:
Honour, the one would ſave,
Pitty, would not the other looſe.
Adm. Away, brave Duke, away!
Both periſh by our ſtay.
Alphon. I to my Noble Maſter owe
All that my Youth did Nobly do:
He in War's Schoole my Maſter was,
The Ruler of my life;
She my lov'd Miſtris; but, alas,
My now ſuſpected Wife.
Adm. By this delay we both of them forſake!
Which of their reſcues wilt thou undertake?
Alph. Hence *Admirall*, and to my Maſter hy!
I will as ſwiftly to my Miſtris fly;
Through Ambuſh, Fire, and all impediments
The witty cruelty of War invents:
For there does yet ſome taſte of kindneſs laſt,
Still reliſhing the vertue that is paſt.
But how, *Ianthe*, can my ſword ſucceſsfull prove,
Where honour ſtops, and onely pitty leads my love?
Exeunt, *ſeverall waies.*

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrhus. O ſuddain change! repulſt in all the heat
Of Victory, and forc'd to loſe retreat!

Seven Creſcents, fixt on their Redouts, are gone!
Horſe, horſe! we fly
From Victory!
Wheel, wheel from their Reſerves, and charge our own!
Divide that Wing!
More ſuccours bring!
Rally the Fled,
And quit our Dead!
Reſcue that Enſigne and that Drum!
Bold ſlaves? they to our Trenches come:
Though ſtill our Army does in poſture ſtay
Drawn up, to judge, not act the buſineſs of the day;
As *Rome* in Theaters ſaw Fencers play.

Enter *Muſtapha.*

Muſta. Who can be loud enough to give command?
Stand, *Haly*, make a ſtand!
Thoſe Horſes to that Carriage ſpan! Drive, drive!
Zanger is ſhot agen, yet ſtill alive!
Coyns for the Culv'rin, then give fire
To cleer the Turn-Pikes, and let *Zanger* in!
Look, *Pirrhus*, look, they all begin
To alter their bold Count'nance, and retire!

The Scene returns to that of the Caſtle on the Mount Philermus.

Enter *Solyman.*

Soly. How cowardly my num'rous Slaves fall back?
Slow to Aſſault, but dext'rous when they ſack,

Wilde

Wilde Wolves in times of peace they are;
Tame ſheep, and harmleſs in the War.
Crowds fit to ſtop up Breaches; and prevail
But ſo as ſhoals of Herrings choak a Whale.
This Dragon-Duke ſo nimbly fought to day,
As if he wings had got to ſtoop at Prey.
Ianthe is triumphant, but not gone;
And ſees *Rhodes* ſtill beleaguer'd, though not won.
Audacious Town! thou keep'ſt thy ſtation ſtill;
And ſo my Caſtle tarries on that Hill;
Where I will dwell till Famine enter Thee;
And prove more fatal then my Sword could be.
Nor ſhall *Ianthe* from my favours run,
But ſtay to meet and praiſe what ſhe did ſhun.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town beſieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Ianthe*.

She in a Night-Gown and a Chair is brought in.

Viller. FAir Vertue, we have found
No danger in your Wound.
Securely live,
And credit give
To us, and to the Surgeons Art.
Ianthe. Alas, my wound is in the Heart;
Or elſe, where e're it be,
Impriſon'd life it comes to free,
By ſeconding a worſer wound that hid doth lie.
What practice can aſſure
That Patient of a Cure,
Whoſe kind of grief ſtill makes her doubt the remedy?

Adm. The wounded that would ſoon be eas'd
Should keep their ſpirits tun'd and pleas'd;
No diſcord ſhould their mind ſubdue:
And who in ſuch diſtreſs
As this, ought to expreſs
More joyfull harmony than you?
'Tis not alone that we aſſure
Your certain cure;
But pray remember that your blood's expence
Was in defence
Of *Rhodes*, which gain'd to day a moſt important Victory:
For our ſucceſs, repelling this Aſſault,
Has taught the *Ottomans* to halt;
Who may, waſting their heavy Body, learn to fly.
Adm. Not onely this ſhould haſten your content;
But you ſhall joy to know the Inſtrument
That wrought the triumph of this day;
Alphonſo did the Sally ſway;
To whom our *Rhodes* all that ſhe is does owe,
And all that from her Root of Hope can grow.
Ianthe. Has he ſo greatly done?
Indeed he us'd to run
As ſwift in Honour's Race as any He
Who thinks he merits Wreaths for Victory.
This is to all a comfort, and ſhould be,
If he were kind, the greateſt joy to me.
Where is my alter'd Lord? I cannot tell
If I may ask, if he be ſafe and well?
For whilſt all ſtrangers may his actions boaſt,
Who in their Songs repeat
The Triumphs he does get,
I onely muſt lament his favours loſt.
Vill. Some wounds he has; none dangerous but yours;
Ianthe cur'd, his own he quickly cures.
Ianthe. If his be little, mine will ſoon grow leſs.

Ay me! What Sword
Durſt give my Lord
Thoſe wounds, which now *Ianthe* cannot dreſs?
Adm. Ianthe will rejoyce when ſhe did hear
How greater then himſelf he does appear
In reſcue of her life, all acts were ſlight,
And cold, even in our hotteſt Fight
Compar'd to what he did,
When with Death's Vizard ſhe her beauty hid.
Vill. Love urg'd his anger, till it made ſuch haſte
And ruſht ſo ſwiftly in,
That ſcarce he did begin
Ere we could ſay, the mighty work was paſt.
Ianthe. All this for me? ſomething he did for you:
But when his Svvord begun
Much more it vvould have done
If he, alas, had thought *Ianthe* true.
Adm. Be kind, *Ianthe*, and be vvell!
It is too pittifull to tell
What vvay of dying he expreſt
When he that Letter read
You vvrote before your vvounds vvere dreſt;
When you and vve diſpair'd you could recover;
Then he vvas more than dead:
And much out-vvept a Husband and a Lover.

Enter *Alphonſo* wounded, led in by two Mutes.

Alphon: Tear up my vvounds! I had a paſſion, coorſe,
And rude enough to ſtrengthen Jealouſie;
But vvant that more refin'd and quicker force
Which does out-vvreſtle Nature vvhen vve dye.
Turn to a Tempeſt all my invvard ſtrife:

Let

Let it not laſt,
But in a blaſt
Spend this infectious vapour, Life!

Ianthe. It is my Lord! Enough of ſtrength I feel
To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.
He bled for me when he atchiev'd for you
This daye's ſucceſs; and much from me is due.
Let me but bleſs him for his Victory,
And haſten to forgive him e're I dye.

Alphon. Keep back *Ianthe*, for my ſtrength will fail
If on thy Cheeks I ſee thy Roſes pale.
Draw all the Curtains and then lead her in;
Let me in darkneſs mourn away my ſin. *Exeunt.*

Chorus *of Souldiers:*

1.

With a fine merry Gale,
Fit to fill ev'ry ſayl,
They did cut the ſmooth Sea
That our Skins they might flea:
Still as they landed, we firkt them with Sallys;
We did bang their ſilk Shaſhes,
Through Sands and through Plaſhes,
Till amain they did run to their Gallies.

2.

They firſt were ſo mad
As they Jealouſies had
That our Iſle durſt not ſtay,
But would float ſtrait away;
For they landed ſtill faſter and faſter:
And their old Baſſa *Pirrhus*
Did think he could fear us;
But himſelf ſooner fear'd our Grand-Maſter.

3. Then

3.

Then the hug'ous great *Turk*,
Came to make us more work;
With enow men to eat
All he meant to defeat;
Whoſe wonderfull worſhip did confirm us
In the fear he would bide here
So long till he dy'd here,
By the Caſtle he built on *Philermus*.

4.

You began the Aſſault
With a very long Hault;
And, as haulting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our *Alphonſo* to ſcoff ye.
To himſelf, as a Daintie,
He keeps his *Ianthe*;
Whilſt we drink good Wine, and you drink but Coffy.

The End of the Fifth ENTRY.

The Curtain is let fall.

FINIS.